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SUBSTITUTE PAPERS.

THE

"SORROWS OF WERTER"

[A SUBSTITUTE MAN]



BY

O. GARTH, JR.

OF LYNCHBURG VA.

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Our hero, WASHINGTON WELLINGTON WERTER, Esq., proceeds to "imbibe," and discourse with his friends upon the "duties of the hour." "Secessia expects every man to do his duty"—"T is sweet to die for one's country"—"How sleep the brave who," &c.—"The most precious tears are those with which heaven bedews the unburied head of the soldier"—"Give me liberty, or give me death."

P. S.—Mr. W. "has a substitute in."



Scene—Home. Time—a few days after. Mr. W., with mingled emotions of rage and despair, reads an account of the passage of the anti-substitute law. Impassioned soliloquy ensues: “Unconstitutional”—“Habeas corpus”—“Military despotism”—“Civil liberty ostracised”—“Violation of a solemn, explicit contract”—“Treachery in the councils of the Confederacy”—“Will never submit to it, no, never-r-r-r!”



Our hero vents his spleen upon the ambient air—his rage effervesces harmlessly. Grown calmer, he proceeds gravely to *scratch his head*, the unfailing resource of the troubled. Being fertile in expedients, he is not long in doubt as to the proper course for a well-disposed, *peaceable* citizen to pursue.



Thereupon a happy thought strikes him. "How strange that it did not occur to him before!" The very ticket. "He'll do it forthwith!" "Will apply immediately, so as to be ahead of all others!" "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Whistles with energy and spirit "Bonnie Blue Flag."



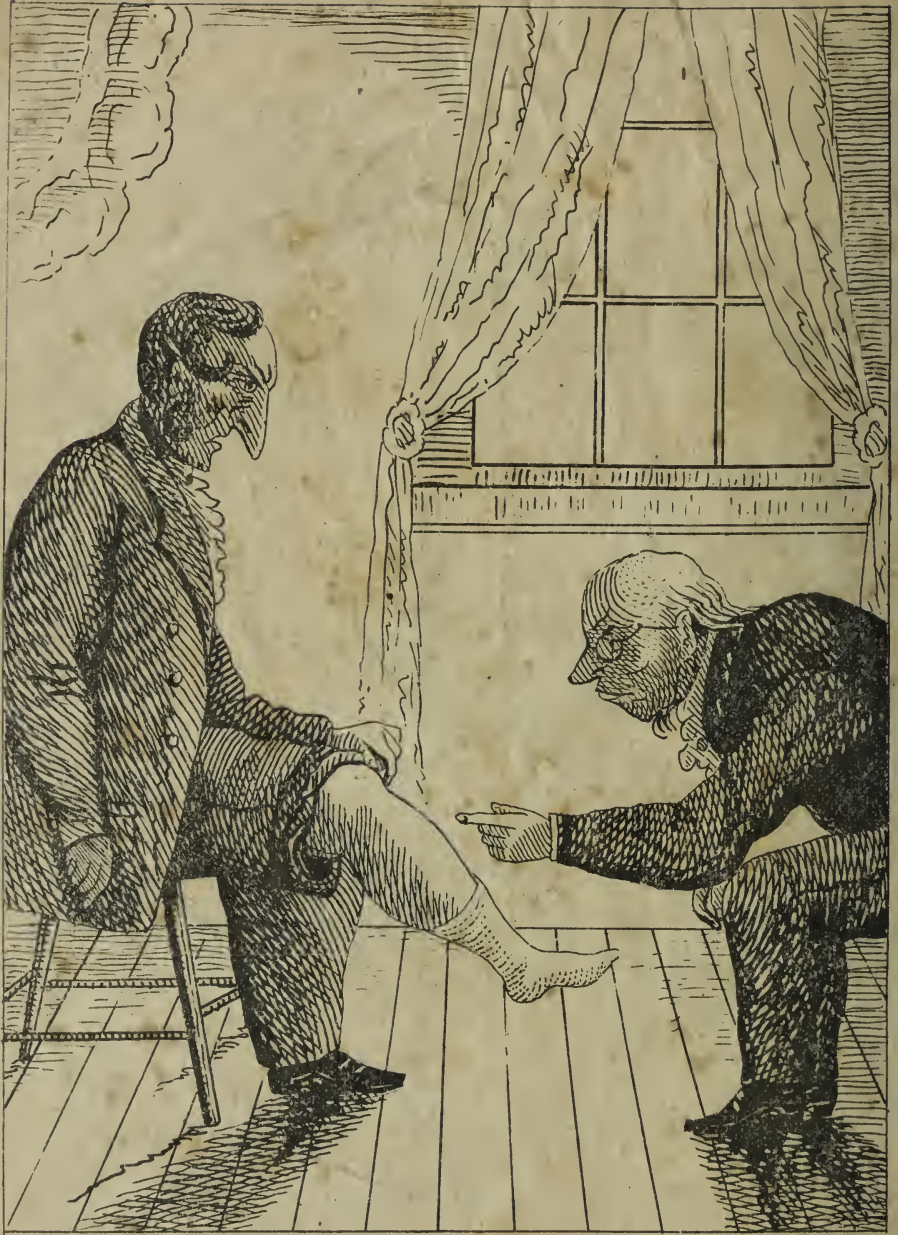
Our hero walks the street for relief—according to Victor Hugo, the universal resort of the distressed. Takes up the suggestion of his friend, looks at it from every possible standpoint, and concludes that, under the pressure of a military necessity, he will “change his base.”



Home again. Hits upon the happy expedient of *resurrecting* his old *rheumatism*. Seeks relief from the "caukering cares" of the day in "the balm of hurt minds" and an ounce of paregoric.



Visions of glory visit him in the "horrid middle of the night."



Doctor CASTOR HOYLE diagnoses the case, and pronounces it a case of *legitis*, complicated with aggravated *conscriptis officialis*. Prescribes the pleasant anodyne of perfect quiet and permanent (no such word in the conscript vocabulary) exemption from military service. The unapproachable disciple of Esculapius promises to appear before the "Board" and certify to —almost anything.



W. WELLINGTON WERTER, Esq., is astonished that the numerous and voluminous certificates of his medical friends avail him nothing with the President, who examines them attentively, and then "lays them on the table." His chest was then furiously "percussed," to ascertain whether he was solid* or hollow inside. Did he "cut his toe-nails of a Sunday?" had any of his family or relatives ever died from "lack of breath," or "any other cause?" The President congratulated him on being a sound man, and fit for the field. The sleepy official at the table suspends his pipe to record opposite our hero's name on the lists "I. F. W." "He'll do—good egg," and other stenographic expressions of his fitness for service. Has ten minutes further to get ready to leave.



Affecting parting with his BETSEY ANN and the little one.
"Parting is such sweet sorrow," &c.

**FURLOUGH EXPIRED.**

He hastens to the rendezvous in time to leave for camp.



“WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER.”

